

SLAVIN WELCOMED.

A Big Crowd of New York Sports Met Him at Quarantine.

Hearty Greetings Also for Fighter Charley Mitchell.

Slavin Anxious and Ready for a Fight with Sullivan.

One of the biggest and most hilarious crowds that ever assembled to welcome the arrival of a distinguished visitor to this country gathered this morning at the White Star dock to greet the great pugilist combination that came in on the steamer Germanic.



FRANK P. SLAVIN.

The members of this combination were Frank P. Slavin, the Australian boxer, whose record as a fighter is only second to that of our own John Lawrence Sullivan; Charley Mitchell, his manager and backer, and "Pony" Moore, the father-in-law of Mitchell, one of the leading lights in London sporting circles.

The party sailed on the Germanic from Liverpool April 16, and their coming to the United States has been heralded as one of the most important events in the field of sports art on this side of the water in many a day.

Great preparations were accordingly made to receive them in a manner befitting their pugilistic eminence, and the reception was truly an inspiring one.



CHARLEY MITCHELL.

In the first place, Billy Madden, the well-known patron of pugilistic sports, undertook an excursion down the bay in the early hours of the morning with the intention of meeting the distinguished party on the Germanic at quarantine and bringing them back in triumph to the city.

For this purpose the steamer Laura M. Starin was chartered by the redoubtable Billy, and a select company of representative sports was invited to participate in the ceremonies.

The little steamer lay at the White Star dock at 6 o'clock this morning, decked out with the usual decorations of flags and bunting, and provided with a big brass band, which had been guaranteed to make more noise than any other of its size in town.

At 6.30 about thirty of the guests had arrived. Mr. Madden himself being one of the first. He officiated as master of ceremonies. A few stragglers came along within the next ten minutes, and there were many yet to come.

Word had been received, however, that the Germanic was at quarantine, ready to start for the city as soon as the Health Officer had made his visit, and that the Custom-House tug had already gone down the bay.

The harbor was cast off, and the Starin drifted out into midstream with banners flying and trumpets, rifles and drums making a din that woke up the sleeping citizens in the lodging-houses along the river front.

Just as the Starin had made a graceful sweep and had pointed her nose down stream, Billy Madden, of the Hoffman House, and a party of half a dozen friends, who had been invited to take part in the festivities, appeared at the end of the pier and began yelling and waving their hands frantically.

The Starin came to a standstill, and Manager Madden held an animated conversation with the tug arrivals from the hurricane deck of the steamer.

There happened to be a tug at the dock, and in order to avoid further delay, Mr. Madden and his friends immediately engaged her as a transport, and five minutes later they were on board the Laura M. Starin and shaking hands with their friends.

Among the most prominent sports in the reception party were Al Powers, Gus Tubitt, Mike Leary, Tom Donoherty, Billy McGilroy, Raddy Martin, Dick Dougherty, of Philadelphia; Mike Cleary, Col. Tom Wilkinson, William E. Hardin, Sam Doring, Warren Lewis, Max Zimmermann, George Young, Billy Bennett, Tom Loughlin, Dick Chamberlain, Charley Finnegan, Donny Harris, Dominick McCaffrey, Matsuda Sorakichi, E. A. Brink, Mr. Coleman, Tom Kelly, of Philadelphia; Harry Miller, John L. Strobe, William Johnson, John McCormick, Charley Rand, Al Cridge and a lot of others.

As look would have it, there had been a long delay at quarantine on account of the number of steamships which arrived late last night, and the Germanic was still at her anchorage off the Health Officer's dock when the Laura M. Starin and her load of welcome arrived there at 7.30 o'clock.

Unfortunately, Mr. Madden had neglected to procure a permit from the Health Officer, and the authorities to take the Starin party aboard, and so this part of the programme had to be omitted.

The Starin hove up alongside the big Germanic, however, and the band tooted, and the reception committee cheered and yelled till the noise nearly brought the Germanic to anchor.

From the dining saloon, where they had been taking an early breakfast, and they appeared on the bridge of the steamer.

Charley Mitchell was the first of the party to receive the folks on the Starin, and as soon as they saw him they set up a tremendous howling.

Mr. Madden and Billy Madden both tried to

make speeches at the same time, but their voices were drowned in the general hubbub, and if either had been permitted to finish his remarks without interruption it is doubtful if Mr. Mitchell would have been able to hear a word they said at that distance.

The popular English pugilist was a conspicuous figure among the crowd of passengers on the deck of the Germanic. He has grown very big and stout, and he wore a shiny high hat and a great Newmarket coat of white cloth that almost dazzled the eyes of his admirers.

Charley's broad, smooth face was beaming with smiles, and he raised his hat and waved his arms in recognition of the tribute of his friends.

While he was standing there a great big fellow, fully a head taller than Mitchell, with a ready face, heavy dark brown mustache and keen, sharp eyes looking out from under bushy eyebrows, came and stood beside him.

Mitchell pushed his broad-shouldered companion out in front of him, and then everybody cheered wildly, for they recognized him at once as Slavin, the vanquisher of Jim Smith and Joe McAuliffe, and the man who has come over here to tackle John L. Sullivan, if he can get a go at him.

Three cheers were proposed by Billy Edwards, in honor of the Australian champion, and they were given with a will, and then more followed, after which the band struck up a lively air.

Pony Moore, who up to this time had been kept in the background, now came forward to the rail, and although the crowd in the reception boat did not give him no much applause as they bestowed upon the two other members of the party, he evidently had a good many friends among them.

He is a short, stout little fellow, with a closely clipped black mustache and a tuft of hair on his upper lip. He wears a high hat and smokes long black cigars.

After these ceremonies were over, some of the Starin's party wanted to get aboard the Germanic, but the officers would not permit them, so they had to content themselves with admiring Slavin and Mitchell from a distance.

The Germanic started up to her pier from quarantine at 8.30, the Laura M. Starin tagging along behind, and landing her passengers at the dock below while the White Star liner was being worked into the slip.

When the passengers of the Germanic were finally landed, at 9.30 A.M., there was a crowd on the pier that choked it up all the way to the street.

The Starin party had brought their band along with them, and there was a big sensation when Mitchell, arm in arm with Slavin, came down the gangplank.

They were received on the pier by Richard K. Fox, Harding and Madden, and a line was made for them through the dense crowd so that they could get off to one side.

Then the throng closed in around them, and for fifteen minutes they could scarcely stir from the spot where they had stopped.

Every one wanted to shake hands with Mitchell, and he held a regular levee with his old friends, Slavin was introduced to two or three hundred people.

He is a good-natured fellow, with a cordial manner and a pleasant voice, and he talked good humoredly to every one.

"I am glad to get over here," he said to an EVENING WORLD reporter, "for I have always wanted to come to this country, and would have been here before if I had had any inducement," he added significantly.

"You mean that you wanted to meet Sullivan?"

"Yes, I have been trying for the last two years to get a fight with him, and I have talked till I was black in the face, but it was of no use."

"I am over here now with Charley Mitchell, and we expect to give some exhibitions in different parts of the country during the next ten weeks."

"I do not know exactly what arrangements have been made, but I understand we will open in New York on April 30."

"At the same time I am here to fight, if I can make any matches, and my challenge is extended to all comers, barring no one."

"Do you think that Sullivan wants to meet you?"

"I don't know, I am sure. I shall give him all the chance he wants, and if I cannot arrange a fight with him it will not be my fault."

Mitchell said he was glad to get back among his old friends again in New York, and in reference to Slavin, he declared that he was the greatest fighter that the world had ever seen, and was a better man than even John L. in his best days.

He said that he hoped to arrange some matches for Slavin during his stay here, but as yet nothing had been done in the way of accomplishing this end.

Although Slavin is said to weigh 210 pounds and is very solidly built, he does not appear to be as big a man as Sullivan, and many of those who saw him this morning were disappointed in his appearance, expecting to see something of a giant.

When the reception party had exhausted their self-shaking heads and shoulders, Mitchell, Slavin, Pony Moore and Mr. Fox took a cab and drove downtown to the office of the Police Gazette.

Coming out of the entrance to the pier, it was found that a still larger crowd had gathered there.

Hordes of tough-looking men and laborers, in their jumpers and blouses, pressed around the cab and peered into the windows. It was some time before their curiosity to see the famous prize-fighters was sufficiently satisfied to allow a way to be made for the carriage to the street.

Slavin told THE EVENING WORLD man that he was married in London a year ago, soon after his arrival there from Australia. His wife did not accompany him on this trip, but remained in London with Mrs. Mitchell.

Both ladies came as far as Liverpool to see the pugilist off in the Germanic.

The meeting between Mr. Fox and Mr. Pony Moore was affecting. They clasped each other about the neck, and for fully five minutes had such a vigorous tug-of-war on the pier that it fairly brought tears to the eyes of spectators.

Matsuda Sorakichi, the Japanese wrestler, looked jealous, and Mr. Mitchell finally informed his father-in-law that he thought it was time they were looking after their baggage.

Rooms had been engaged for Slavin and his party at the Hotel Marlborough, and they went up there after visiting several places of interest downtown.

EVARTS A FATHER-IN-LAW.

The Ex-Senator's son Maxwell married to Miss Stetson.

Assistant United States District Attorney Maxwell Evarts, son of ex-Senator William M. Evarts, has become a Benedict rather unexpectedly.

SEARCHING FOR THE BODY.

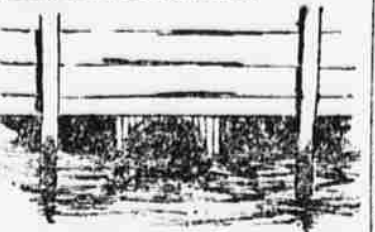
Callahan May Be Yet Floating Around in the Sewers.

It Is Feared, However, That He Was Swept Into the East River.

The body of John Callahan, the Consolidated Gas Company's workman who fell into a manhole of the sewer in East Twenty-third street, between Lexington and Third avenues, late yesterday afternoon, had not been recovered this morning, and it is feared that he was swept down to the East River and has been carried out to sea.

The accident, which was reported extensively in THE EVENING WORLD'S Sporting Extra, is the most peculiar as well as one of the most horrible in the history of metropolitan casualties.

Callahan, in company with other employees of the Consolidated Gas Company, had been engaged under Foreman William Thomas in repairing the gas mains in East Twenty-third street, just west of Third avenue.



PROSTRATED AT LAST.

"I deem it my duty to the public to state the wonderful effects of Dr. Greene's Nervine in my case. As a result of long confinement to office work, business and anxiety, I became, during the previous year, the victim of Dr. Greene's Nervine. My improvement has been most gratifying, and I cannot describe the change in my health and vigor. Where all was gloom and despondency, there is now light and hope. I gained 15 pounds, and am still gaining. Not alone myself, but I know many others who can testify to the merits of Dr. Greene's Nervine."

"J. H. DODD, 35 Nassau St., New York City."

To keep the rainfall from running into the trenches, a dam was erected in front of No. 17, and a little further west, in front of No. 15, the manhole of the sewer, had been torn up and over it was placed the little portable shanty for the workmen.

About 5.30 o'clock as the men were about to knock off work after the heavy rainstorm, Callahan and a fellow-workman took hold of the little portable house to move it over by the carter's and replace the manhole cover.

The shanty had just cleared the manhole when Callahan, who was on the east side, pushing, braced himself for a final effort, standing on the edge of the manhole.

The next instant he disappeared, where, his fellow-workman could not tell; but John Broderick, a lumber teamster for Frayne & Clark, who was passing at the moment, and John Nolan, a boy who works in Schuylerside-water factory, both declare that they saw Callahan slip into the manhole.

They shouted and the other workmen ran to the manhole and peered down into the darkness, but could see nothing. Some one grabbed a pick and trying a rope to it lowered it into the sewer, but no body had been seen.

Two dozens of the men to their fellow-laborers were also unheeded, and when the frayed end of a rope was lowered into the black hole the men saw only a seething torrent of foam, black water dashing along thirteen feet below the pavement like a mill-race.

Still another workman tried a rope about himself and was about to have himself lowered into the deadly chasm, when it was suggested that Callahan had undoubtedly been carried far beyond his reach, and the plan was abandoned.

Hundreds of people had collected by this time, and most of them at once started on a dead run for the foot of East Twenty-third street, where they were emptying into the East River under the docks.

Boatman William Sweeney and John Henney at once launched a boat and lay in wait at the mouth of the sewer for the body. They continued to watch until late last night, but no body appeared and the search was abandoned, Sweeney giving it as his opinion that the body of the unfortunate man had probably been carried into the river before he had recovered from the accident.

"If those workmen had been at all alive," said Mr. Loomis, "they would have sent a man right down into the sewer after him, and a big foot sewer and they would have had him out of there in half an hour."

Engineer Loomis thought it improbable that Callahan's body had been drawn into the Third avenue sewer and thought it likely that he had been carried down to First avenue before his fall, as the sewer does not strike tide level before that point.

"If those workmen had been at all alive," said Mr. Loomis, "they would have sent a man right down into the sewer after him, and a big foot sewer and they would have had him out of there in half an hour."

While the poor fellow may have slipped along a little ways on the bottom there wouldn't have been enough water in the sewer for him to be carried down to the sewer as he was when he fell in to have carried him down to the river.

"It only rained about fifteen minutes, and while there was quite a heavy fall the water hadn't had time to fairly get into the sewer so to cause such a big torrent as they say was there."

Callahan was about thirty years old and leaves a widow, who lives at 111 East Street, and several brothers and sisters. His only child died in Ireland several years ago.

None of his relatives had received any tidings from him or of the finding of his body this morning, nor had any bodies from the river been brought to the morgue or reported by the police.

The department of Public Works men searched the sewer on East Twenty-third street, between Lexington and Third avenues, and found no body, but they were unable to go any further, on account of the tide. They will probably resume work when the tide goes out again.

MAULIFFE BAILED FOR TRIAL.

Pugilist Jack Mauliffe, Jerry Mahoney, Harry Lewis and William Leopold occupied front seats this morning in the Kings County Court of Sessions. They had been summoned to plead to indictments found against them by the Grand Jury, charging them with recording and registering bets and poolplaying.

The police a month ago raided Mauliffe's place at 100 West 11th street, and took eight persons into custody and took eight persons into custody and took eight persons into custody.

At the examination four were released, while the others came to bail. When the case was called the prisoners, through counsel, pleaded not guilty and were released in \$500 bail each.

Five Good Overcoats Gone.

Annie Banks, colored, was held at Jefferson Market this morning charged with stealing five overcoats valued at \$150 from the house of Marshall G. Wheeler, 110 West Thirty-ninth street, where she was formerly employed.

One Reason.

Why nearly everybody should take a good medicine in the Spring is because at this season the system is especially susceptible to the benefit to be derived from a reliable preparation like Hood's Sarsaparilla. In the winter various impurities accumulate in the blood, the effect of which is most felt when spring comes on, in general weakness and languor. The system craves assistance to maintain the health tone and expel impurities, which Hood's Sarsaparilla readily gives. Try it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

100 DROPS ONE DOLLAR.

LIVING TOO FAST.

This Hits Home to Most Men.

Most men run up their strength, vigor and power too early in life. As a result they have weakness, headache, dizziness, feel nervous, work times then they lose their energy, lack ambition for work or pleasure, get blue and depressed, perhaps have trouble with stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. If allowed to run, nervous prostration, heart failure, paralysis, insanity or death will result.

Use Dr. Greene's Nervine, the great restorative for nerves, brain and body, and avert the fatal result. It will give you back the health, strength and vigor you have lost. Use it, if you need it, and you will be cured. Purely vegetable, and harmless. Druggists sell it. \$1.00.



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A Special Saturday Sale of Ladies' Jackets and Wraps. The garments are all of the newest style, and are remarkably good value even at the regular prices. The special prices hold good for SATURDAY ONLY.

Ladies' all wool Blazer Jackets, with silk girdle, handsomely finished; colors black and tan, sold in our regular stock for \$4.95. For SATURDAY ONLY, at

\$1.85.

Ladies' tailor finished Blazer Jackets, collar handsomely embroidered with silk and gold; extra value at \$3.95. For Saturday only at

2.98.

Ladies' all-wool double-breasted Reefers; splendid value at \$7.75, to be sold on Saturday only at

3.95.

Ladies' Capes, entire yoke and back elaborately embroidered with gold and trimmed with mail heads; Medici collar, 30 inches long, in all the newest shades; sold usually at \$3.95; for Saturday only at

5.50.

Ladies' beaded Capes, sold regularly for \$3.95. For Saturday only, at

1.95.

Ladies' Wraps, exquisitely braided, sizes 34 to 48, regular price \$4.95. To be sold on Saturday only at

4.95.

Ladies' Suits. Ladies' Gingham Suits, fancy waist and double skirt of Gingham, actual value \$7.95. For Saturday's Sale at

3.95.

Ladies' Tailor-made Cashmere Suits, all colors, sold regularly for \$7.75. For Saturday's sale at

4.95.

Misses' Cloaks. Misses' and Children's Reefers, double-breasted, tailor-finished, sizes 12 to 14 years; worth \$2.95 and \$3.50; to be sold on Saturday only at

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